

and there's a hole in my chest, like there's a hole in the sun by nicotinedaydream

Series: [this darkness is the light \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016), The Lost Boys (Movies)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Billy finds The Lost Boys, M/M, Vampires

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, David (Lost Boys), Michael Emerson (Lost Boys), Paul (Lost Boys)

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, David (Lost Boys)/Billy Hargrove, David/Michael Emerson (Lost Boys)

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2020-04-24

Updated: 2021-03-17

Packaged: 2022-04-01 13:35:11

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 2

Words: 4,684

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy leaves Hawkins for California after surviving the Mind Flayer and finds Santa Carla instead.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

This came about from a post on tumblr from thatpunkmaximoff who had this really good idea of Billy coming to Santa Carla after the Mind Flayer and gravitating toward the boys. I love that idea and thought why not give it a go.

This will be a series rather than a long chaptered fic.

HORROR STRIKES 4TH OF JULY CELEBRATIONS. STARCOURT MALL CLOSED FOR BUSINESS. TOWN IS IN MOURNING. POSSIBLE GOVERNMENT CONSPIRACY?

Newspaper article headlines would embrace these words for days, hell, *weeks* after the Mind Flayer debacle. Stranger things were said to have happened in the small town of Hawkins over the years, but the talk of the people was the battle of Starcourt for those following weeks.

Billy Hargrove just wants to forget.

After being possessed and nearly straight up sucker-punched to death by the thing that had destroyed Starcourt mall and had turned townspeople into liquid waste, not a single decomposed body left to even bury, Billy decides what he needs is to see this fucking place behind him.

One late Thursday evening when his asshole father isn't there, because Maxine and her mother seem to have dragged him out of the house to this sci-fi film at the cinemas, of all reasons, he packs a small duffle bag and leaves the shitty town of Hawkins in his rearview mirror.

Billy drives and drives and drives, drives until he's so goddamn tired he has to pull over onto the side of the road before he either rear ends another vehicle or runs over some hapless moron. Steve Harrington comes to mind at the second one, the annoying little

(*handsome piece of shit*) reason why he'd had to get his baby repaired at the shop, and oh if that unfortunate image doesn't fail to leave him chuckling himself into sleep.

He dreams of beaches, blinding rays of sunshine, velvet warm sand grinding under the bare soles of his feet, the pressure of a harsh cold wave rolling off his back; *wild winds and glittering stars and an endless dark night, violent laughter and howling cries and dying screams, the taste of salt and brine and the feeling of intoxicating numbness.*

Billy wakes up drenched in sweat, the throb of his heartbeat roaring in his eardrums like the California surf. The Camaro's clock glows green and vivid, a set of numbers in the semi-darkness of the car. 2:57 A.M. He looks around, bleary-eyed and still coming down from whatever it was he had dreamt, to notice he's out in the middle of nowhere and there's no signs. Great.

"You're kidding," he mutters, searching around in his jacket pockets for his pack of cigarettes and a lighter. His fingers find them both empty. "You are *fucking* kidding me!"

Billy slams his fist against the dashboard, pretty much only manages to split two of his knuckles in the process. He curses a few times, stretching his fingers out, feeling the pull of bruised tendons and hissing at the unpleasant sting. Nothing he's not used to though.

"Come on. Get it together, man. Fucking, *get it together*," he says, reminding himself to breathe, just breathe, like that stupid bitch nurse told him when he woke up in Hawkins hospital with stitches sewn into his gut and a lurching headache and a tube down his fucking throat.

Breathe.

Billy closes his eyes, counts to ten, and attempts to focus on breathing. It's not easy, but it's something he's had good practice at considering the three long and insufferable weeks he spent lying on a hospital bed hooked up to an IV line while he was in recovery.

Once he has his breath back, Billy decides to simply pick a direction and hope he doesn't end up driving off a cliff.

Many long, dreary hours later there's a sign in the far distance. Billy squints into the dimming light of dawn, but his jaded eyes can't read the writing. When he's closer, his disorientated mind is able to pick apart the letters. Miraculously, in his state, they form a sentence.

Welcome to Santa Carla.

"Wha...?" Billy yawns, his hand slowly slipping off the wheel. He fumbles his foot onto the break, wincing as the car jerks to a stop, his eyes now in perfect view of the wooden backing of the sign. Another sentence.

Murder Capital of the world.

Billy reads it more than once, still groggy and barely coherent, but snorts when the words start to make sense.

"Not even *close*," he giggles, thinks about Hawkins, that fucking shithole town and its unnatural occurrences and all he's left behind, what he's going to do now he's alive, *free*. Billy's aware he sounds drunk and high at the same time. He feels it, too. Fuck, he needs to sleep. It's not his hometown but it'll have to do for the time being.

"Santa whatever, here I come," he mutters.

Billy slides his sunglasses down over his eyes, begins to drive past the sign, unknowingly into yet another Hawkins—and another nightmare.

Santa Carla is a dump. Billy discovers this in the first five minutes. Everybody on the street either looks like they're a meth head or a serial killer, or *both*. Makes sense, murder capital of the world and all.

Billy books himself into a cheap motel, asking for one night's stay, just enough for a short necessary rest. He pretends to ignore the woman across the counter checking him out. Flashbacks resurface of Mrs Wheeler and her tight bikini, her flirty doe-innocent eyes; predator nature hidden by the woman's effete charm. He'd soaked it up, even *liked* it, before realising what an idiot he was trying to bang

somebody's trophy wife. Nancy Wheeler's mother. Fuck that.

What was it that he had told Harrington? *Plenty of bitches in the sea.*

"Thanks, sweetheart," he says, smiling with all teeth, and making sure to throw in a wink he knows will get the old hag to leave him be. He feels her eyes on his behind as he walks away, swallows his disgust as he climbs the stairwell to the upper rooms, finds his door rather easily and unlocks it.

The motel room is not worth the price, but it's all he can afford. Billy wrinkles his nose at the stained carpet and hideous, peeling brown wallpaper, throwing his duffle bag on the bed and flopping his body down beside it. He's asleep in seconds.

Billy dreams again.

He dreams of his father towering over him, ranting and raving, lips bared in a seething rage, flecks of saliva wet on his cheek as he is shouted at, berated and punched until he's a bleeding and cowering mess; *some stranger dressed in black standing above him, face obscured by shadow, blond hair and volcanic golden eyes and glistening white too-sharp teeth and a voice rumbling like the purr of a motorcycle engine.*

"Billy."

Billy jolts awake, gasping. He is aware that he's having a panic attack, tries to steady his breathing, count to ten, count to ten, count, count, fucking *count*, but it's not working. He's suffocating. He's suffocating, and it feels like the crushing weight on his chest when attacked by that Mind Flayer thing back in Hawkins, when it was hitting him again and again and *again*, and that's it, that's fucking *it*, Billy is going to die, he's really going to *die* this time, he's—

Billy breathes in a fast mouthful of air and chokes on it, then coughs, rough and spent. His next following breaths are normal, if a bit faint and shaky, but he's *breathing*. He lies there and focuses on reminding himself that.

I'm fine. I'm okay. Fuck, I'm alive.

Billy leaves the motel an hour later, not wanting to stay in the place

if he doesn't have to. He's also pretty sure it has bed bugs, so yeah, that's gross as hell.

Santa Carla is a surprisingly beautiful place to be in once night falls and the humidity drops. At first glance, it is a drab-looking small beach town, but right now, for Billy, everything he sees is momentarily disarming, from the never-ending stretch of boardwalk filled with locals and tourists, to the loud rush of carnival rides and booming bass from a live concert. The strangest sight Billy sees, however, is of guys holding hands. It is extremely odd, no, *batshit insane*, how nobody is batting an eye at it—or if they are, the couples in question don't seem to be bothered.

Neil would fucking *flip*, that's for sure.

Billy's eyes linger on one couple, a brunette and blond, both leant against a railing near four motorcycles; not holding hands, but too close to be friends. He quickly glances away when the curly-haired boy raises an eyebrow, as if to say, "*Yeah, man, we're together. What's it to you?*"

Billy swears he sees the blond whisper something in the brunette's ear and nod at him which causes the guy to roll his eyes and smirk, but he's unsure because when he looks toward them again they're both staring elsewhere.

Forget it, Billy thinks, shrugging. What does he care anyways. None of his damn business. He's about to head on his way, back to where he parked his Camaro (were no parking spaces at the motel, *gee, wonder why*, and he was never planning to leave his baby all alone in a random town for too long in the first place), when somebody stumbles into him.

"Watch where you're going," he hisses, the lick of venom in his words built from years of abuse and learned self-protection.

The punk teenager in question, dressed in clothes Billy can only describe as a party hard rockstar look, grins and thumps him on the shoulder. "No problem, dude!" he shouts, definitely too loud and carefree for someone who just 'accidentally' walked into Billy fucking Hargrove.

Billy laughs, then, the low huff something which would have caused many losers in Hawkins to take several steps back before running for their lives.

This guy? Not a chance, it seems.

"Seriously," he says, calm before the storm, waiting for the guy to realise he's made a huge mistake. Instead, the guy laughs *back*. It's a lack of insight, almost foolishness, really, which has Billy dumbfounded.

"Are you high right now?" Billy growls, fists tense at his sides, itching to pummel and *hurt*; to spill some blood, get fucking messy with it. Use violence the only way he knows how.

The guy tosses his wild mane of hair behind him in what looks like enthusiasm, stupidly impervious to Billy's threat. "Hell yeah!" he yells.

Billy has never wanted to knock a person out so badly in his entire life.

"Well, well, well. What have we got here?"

Billy turns at the voice, about to throw insults at whoever had spoken, rendered speechless once he sees who it is.

It's the blond guy from the railing, the one who'd whispered in that brunette's ear and had caught his attention earlier. Brunette is beside him, too, though he seems wary of Billy now. *Good*, the self-righteous part in Billy's brain drawls.

The guy laughs again, a lopsided grin on his lips. "Dunno, just bumped into him! But he's *grumpy*." He pitches his voice down at the end, a quiet whisper, and cackles when Billy's nostrils flare.

"I'm not grumpy, asshole," he snaps. This causes blond guy to smirk. It feels like a silent taunt.

Fucking jesus christ, are they for real? Billy thinks.

"You shouldn't take Paul too seriously," the brunette says, and it's said

so smooth in contrast to his guarded posture that Billy just nods in response.

"Right," he spits, rolling his eyes. "Look, your friend's a brainless idiot. Should be kept on a leash."

"Oh, I bite," Paul snickers. Whatever it is he's said must be an inside joke because the brunette and blond share a quick, amused glance.

Billy is *done*.

"Yeah, I'm sure you do, amigo." He nearly manages to leave these nut jobs to their own devices, when a hand stops him from moving.

Billy looks down at the hand on him, pressed firm over the material of his leather jacket, fingertips brushing against the column of his throat.

"Get your hands off me," he warns, his voice soft, but his tone dangerous. Blond guy either doesn't hear, or doesn't care to listen. "I said, *get your fucking hands off me!*"

Billy isn't prepared for the hand to push him away, and he lands flat on his ass. He blinks up at the guy, about to snarl and lash out, but before he can it's like the atmosphere around him shifts; everything feels *wrong*. It feels like the Upside Down all over again, but, no, this is different.

Blond guy is gone and in his place is the same stranger from Billy's dream, their eyes incandescent, pools of fiery brimstone. But this time they've got a face, a face so monstrous it could be out of some cheesy horror movie. Billy splutters, cursing, his panic only increasing further when he notices that Paul and the brunette guy now have identical faces as that... that *thing*.

Billy isn't aware he's running in the opposite direction of his car until he finds himself sprinting onto the beach, sand causing him to lose his footing and stale ocean air burning his lungs. He collapses to the ground, panting, shaking, forces a heaving wrack of dry sobs free from his chest.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. FUCK! W-What the hell? he thinks in a flurry of

loose, liquid limbs and sharp, harried breaths.

"Whoa, *dude*, what's up with you?"

Billy looks up to see a group of guys surrounding him. They all smell of alcohol, a hint of weed, and the one who'd spoken is staring at him with a weird expression in his glazed eyes. Billy coughs, wheezing, but is instantly alert. He's in no state to be getting into a fist fight, especially with a group of surfer rejects whose drug-addled minds would turn them into a pack of savage animals if rubbed the wrong way. Californian beaches taught him that much.

"No worries, man, uh, I was just about to leave," he says, voice cracking from strain. He picks himself up, trying to regain some balance, but stumbles and nearly falls face-first in the sand. The group of surfers all make a noise of sympathy. Wait. They probably think he's had too much to drink. Might be a good idea to go with that. "Real wasted tonight, ya know?"

Another of the guys chuckles, pupils dilated, hazy euphoria swimming in his brown eyes. "You don't need to leave, dude. Come party with us. Got some hot chicks ready to fuck down there." He smirks, pointing behind him.

Billy glances in the direction surfer guy is leering. True enough, there's a small group of girls sprawled on the sand, giggling to themselves as they share conversation. Yeah, they're pretty hot. Immodestly dressed, too. Just the way he likes it. He shrugs.

"Sure. Why not."

Billy's got nowhere else to be, not really, and if it keeps him far away from those three freaks on the boardwalk then all the better. His Camaro can wait for a little while longer. No problemo.

The surfer guys are, now this is shocking, not bad party hosts. Billy ends up talking shit with them for hours, tossing back one beer after another, and hitting on what's her name. Laura. Lauren. Laurie. Right? No? Whatever. She's got some nice tits.

Billy's nearly through his fifth beer when one of the guys asks him, "So Billy, where you from, man? Haven't seen you around here before."

"Yes! You're so hot. I would totally like remember you if I had," maybe-Lauren gushes. Billy won't pretend his dick doesn't slightly twitch at the praise, intoxication be damned.

Billy shakes his head, laughing as he steals the joint from between her fingers. He inhales, lets the weed flow down his throat, before huffing out a plume of smoke in her face. She coughs and gags, but the glare she gives him is half-hearted.

"Asshole!" she yells, slapping his arm. Her friends are smirking; the surfer guys, more so. Impressed by the king's lady skills. Classic move.

"Aw, sorry, sweetheart, you want me to kiss it better?" he teases, puckering his lips, leaning forward. Her eyes widen and she squeals, pushing him away. "What, you scared?"

"Hey, come on, she's not into it," the surfer guy comments. He sounds amused, though, and Billy turns to see him grinning.

"You think so?" Billy leans forward again, testing his boundaries, even if he shouldn't. Maybe-Lauren pushes him harder this time.

"Not when I'm drunk," she giggles, like that's a reasonable excuse. Billy gives her his most coy, charming smile.

"Hey, hey, I ain't gonna hurt ya, baby," he says, trying to sound mellifluous and soothing. It doesn't seem to work, however, because when he tries to slide his hand up her skirt she punches him square in the nose.

"*Stop it, Billy!*" she cries. "You're not funny!"

Billy swears, clutching his face. His nose is bleeding, can taste it as he licks a wet drop that lands on his lips. It's bitter, but also sweet. Fucking sweet. Carnally so.

"You good, dude?" surfer guy asks, nudging him. Billy doesn't know

why, but between the blood on his tongue and the beer in his system, the action has him feeling backed into a corner; not unlike memories of his father and those late-night arguments, where he's all alone in the house and about to be battered halfway to hell for something stupid like playing his music a little too loud.

"I'm sorry. Dad. I didn't mean it. Please. Sir, I didn't mean it. I'm sorry!" He flinches, closing his eyes, waiting for the first hit, for that sting in his jaw and ache in his teeth. Instead, he feels nothing. Everything is silent.

Billy opens his eyes, slow, heedful of the fact he might be hit anyway, but it's only to see the group of surfers and girls looking at him like there is something wrong with him.

"What the *fuck*?" one of the girls murmurs, giggling.

Billy usually might not care about a girl laughing at him, but this is personal, and drunk Billy is *definitely* not about that shit.

"Oh, so *now* you bitches think I'm funny?" he says, too much alcohol coating his voice, turning it throaty and hoarse. The girl's giggles stop, eyes widening and face paling in the glow of orange bonfire flames. "Come on. Say it again. *I fucking dare you!*"

"Hey, whoa, whoa, *whoa*, Billy, man, it's cool," surfer guy intervenes, attempting to settle him with a hand on his arm.

Big mistake.

"*Don't fucking touch me!*" Billy turns toward the guy, fists ready. Judging by the expression on surfer guy's face, his own must be pretty scary right now.

"L-Look, uh, Billy, calm down, okay. She's just some dumb chick, knows nothin' about you and your old man, y-y-yeah?"

Billy snorts, the sound like a raging bull. "No fuckin' clue," he hisses. He makes sure he's glaring at her when he says it, and her pale complexion wanes even further.

"Say you're sorry, oh my god, just say you're sorry," her friend

whispers, alarmed.

"I'm s-sorry." She sounds like she's begging, the whore, not *apologising*.

"Like you fucking mean it, huh?" he growls as he grabs her, his fingers rough and bruising on the soft, pale flesh of her forearm.

"I—I'm s-s-sorry!" she sobs, her voice trembling in both pain and fear.

Billy doesn't understand, how hard is it to apologise and fucking *mean it*. He's almost going to teach her a lesson, when someone interjects with a mild hint of advice.

"Pretty sure she said she was sorry, dude."

"Yeah, I'm sure she fucking di—" Billy pauses, drunk mind putting a name to the face he's staring at. His eyes narrow. "Get lost, freak show."

Paul isn't grinning this time, his mouth a scowl, his arms crossed. "Think the little lady told ya that she's sorry, hey," he says, unbothered by Billy's name-calling.

Billy chuckles. He can't believe this little shit. "Whatever. S'none of your business, amigo," he sneers.

"Actually, you'll find that everything in this town is our business, *amigo*."

Billy's liquid courage diminishes once he sees who else has added to the conversation.

Blond hair. Blue (*volcanic golden*) eyes. White flash of (*glistening too-sharp*) teeth.

"Oh, fuuuuuck!" one of the surfer guys yelps. It's a pure squawk of terror if he's ever heard one.

Billy runs again, away from the bonfire and its inhabitants soon to become monster chow. He stumbles across the sand, tripping over himself as he tries to blank out what he imagines is the startup of their loud cries, to push the sounds of ripping and tearing and

snarling from his conscience. Maybe it's all in his head, just another dream (*nightmare*).

God, he fucking hopes so.

2. Chapter 2

Back in Hawkins, Steve paces up and down in frustration, his brain stuck on loop with the two words Max had told him earlier.

Billy's gone.

"Gone where?" he remembers spitting, and Max had flinched and in turn so had he. He's gotten good at adjusting his tone for the kids, that being the first moment in months he'd let the anger slip. Guilt still gnaws at him when he pictures Max's teary eyes, confused and lost, looking to Steve for guidance, only to receive a sharp-edged response.

"*Shit.* I'm sorry, kid," he'd murmured, feeling and sounding like Hopper, lowering himself down to her height. Maybe once this would have infuriated her, the red-headed spitfire of a teenager, but this time she'd curled into his embrace, allowing him to fix his fuck-up in the form of gentle comfort. Max had explained a few minutes later, pressed tight against Steve's side as they sat on the couch, that she did not know where Billy went, but Neil was on a terrifying warpath and Susan was in a downright helpless tizzy.

Steve stops, brain and stomach lurching to think of all the what ifs. So many possibilities. None of them are pleasant.

"Fuck you, Hargrove," he hisses, rubbing his temple, resuming his agitated pacing.

Billy wakes up to a hand slapping him, *hard*, across the face.

"Ow—! What the 'ell?" he groans, slurred and half mumbled, lacking any real heat, as he opens his eyes to see a vibrating sun-shrouded silhouette above him.

"Are you fucking serious, Billy? Are you goddamn, fucking, *serious* right now?" the angry blob of light above him is yelling, and, wait, why does he know that voice...? "Your sister is worried fucking sick

about you, you—you—you—asshole!"

"...*Harrington?*" he grumbles, more focused. It is Harrington. Steve motherfucking Harrington, with his fluffy tufts of brown hair and deep, deep dark eyes. "'t fuck you doin' 'ere?"

"What—are you *fucki*—what am *I* doing here?" Harrington screeches. "What are *you* doing here, Billy?!"

Billy can't help the slow, smug smile that creeps across his face. "Relaaaaaax, pretty boy," he drawls, rolling his body over to sit up. When he does, he laughs at the flushed, unimpressed expression on Steve's face. He's betting some of that warmth is from being called pretty, too. Ha.

"Don't tell me to fucking relax, you dick," Harrington snaps, crossing his arms. Billy won't lie, he notices the flex of muscle in those biceps. Little Stevie's packed on some meat since he last saw him. *Probably got a lot to do with hunting those damn ugly monsters*, is the sudden thought that slips in without him wanting it to. Fuck. He's trying to forget about that shit, not think about it.

Harrington must see some sort of repressed emotion pass over his face, because his eyes soften. "You left town, man. Trust me when I say a lotta us wish to and... y'know, uh, never quite do it. But you did."

"Yeah, well, maybe you all should." Billy avoids the question with heavy snark, is pleased when Harrington huffs out an irritated sigh.

"Right, sure, we could all run away like you and end up face down on a beach in bumfuck nowhere, Santa Carla." He nods. "Good idea, Billy. *Genius* idea."

Billy cackles. "Better than dying, Harrington, trust me." He doesn't mean for the sentence to come out so dark, almost regretful at the shuttered expression that crosses over Harrington's face.

"Where did you park your car?" Billy watches Harrington ignore the tension between them, moving the conversation forward. Wise choice.

"Dunno, somewhere." He doesn't remember. Can't remember too much of last night, actually. Fuck, he must have been wasted.

"Perfect," Harrington mutters under his breath, eyes darting around, as if the car is just going to magically appear. Billy scoffs.

"Don't think it's anywhere near here, Harrington. My fuckin' feet hurt. I must have walked," he supplies, wiggling his toes helpfully. Steve rolls his eyes, face still flushed.

"Whatever, c'mon, get up, we're going to find it."

Billy makes a surprised noise when Harrington puts out a hand for him to grab. He hesitates only for a second, before he realises the hot sand is starting to itch and burn his skin, and with a roll of his own eyes he takes the hand, lets Harrington pull him to his feet.

"Don't get used to this, princess." He winks, and Harrington drops his hand like it's on fire, grimacing.

"Shut up," he mumbles, turning to walk away.

Billy chuckles, shakes his head, and follows.

They find the Camaro over an hour later, after walking along the boardwalk a dozen or so times, their violent bickering enough to pass the time.

"Hey, that's it!" Billy shouts, pointing toward his car parked next to a railing.

Harrington lets out a loud, triumphant groan to the sky. "*Thank you.*"

Billy pats her blue paint job and grins. "Miss me, baby?" he purrs, making a show of stroking his fingers against her shiny surface. The moment is ruined when the glint of the sun's reflection bounces back and into his eyes, stinging more than it should. He winces, closing his eyes. Where the fuck are his sunglasses?

"Wow, you really must be hungover, huh? Can't even handle a little

sun," Harrington jokes, but although they have been taking jabs at each other all morning, this one isn't funny.

"The fuck are you on about, Harrington?" he growls, ripping open the driver's door and grabbing his pair of sunglasses from the dashboard. His eyes instantly feel better once they are shaded from the glare of daylight. Alleviated, almost. "How'd you find me here in the first place?"

Steve's eyes go wide, like a deer's caught in the last bright set of headlights it will ever get the chance to see. "What do you mean?"

Billy raises an eyebrow, hoping it's visible beneath his sunglasses. "So you're telling me, that you just *happened* to stumble across me passed out on a beach in Santa Carla because, *what*, you're taking a much needed vacation out in the middle of bumfuck nowhere?"

Harrington's alarmed expression begins to shrink as Billy uses his own words against him. "Oh screw you, man," he bites out, much to Billy's evil pleasure. "You're lucky I found your useless heap in the first place. Ten more minutes and you'd be a lobster."

"Wouldn't be the worst outcome of the year," Billy says mirthlessly, and this time Harrington actually does go quiet, his face paler than usual, brown eyes downcast. It's the silent agreement which causes Billy to feel sick. "Whatever," he barks in a cold, flat tone. "I'm fine, right? Who gives a shit."

Harrington looks like he's about to say something, lips parted, eyes now searching his, but Billy turns his head away and ignores it. Bloody Steve. What a fucking girl.

"We should probably head back." Harrington finally speaks, small and hesitant, a few seconds later, once he's realised Billy is not going to say anything else. Billy nods mutely and slides into the driver's seat. Harrington glances nervously at the back before deciding to sit in the passenger side, next to Billy; closeness he does not want, or need.

For a while, Billy doesn't think Harrington has ever been this quiet his entire life.

The ride is silent, until it's not.

Author's Note:

Let me know what you guys think please! And if you want, come chat to me on my tumblr: [staticwavin](#)